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THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

BY PLINY, JR., AN EYE WITNESS.

We copy the following from the letter of Pliny, Jr., to Tacitus, the historian. It has probably never before been published in any newspaper. At least we have never seen it, and the book is very rare from which we extract it:

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast was retired to his study; he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was afterward found to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact figure of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk which extended itself at the top into sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine, by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which either decreasing as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being expanded back again by its own weight, pressed in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he gave me an employment of that kind. He was now so high the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer they approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock; they were also in danger not only of being ground by the sudden retreat of the sea but from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again, or whether the pilot advised him. "Fortune," said he, befriends the brave; carry me to Pompeii."

In the meantime the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, and the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful.

They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the sea, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent convulsions, or to fly to the open fields, though the calmed stones and cinders, though light, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the least dangerous of the two. They went out then, having pillows tied to their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the shower of stones that fell around them.

Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only that light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down further upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still ran extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down on a cloth which was spread for him,

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when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the aid of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs and subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.

End of Pliny's description of his uncle's death, written to Tacitus.—XVI. letter.

Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid, the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us on our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses we stood still in the midst of a dreadful scene of danger. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though in the open field, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back on itself, and to be driven from its banks, by the convulsive motion of the earth. It is certain the shore at least was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an ingenious serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger.

Soon after the cloud seemed to descend, and covered the whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the island of Caprea and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; for, as herself, she said her age and corpulence rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hands, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance and without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes had begun to fall upon us, though in great quantities. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick cloud of smoke, which came rolling along after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death by the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out, when a darkness overtook us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room which is shut up and all light extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women and the screams of children, some for their parents, others for their children; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die; from fear of dying some lifting up their hands to the Gods, but the greater part imagining that the long and eternal night had come which was to destroy both the Gods and the world together.

Among these there were some that augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, which in truth it was; then the return of the light, however, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and burned in a heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same condition, and that I imagined that I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weak) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down heightening their own and friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we received some account of my uncle—and now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it should appear scarce to deserve the trouble of a letter.—Letter XX to Tacitus.

Held by England. Madrid, April 27.—Newspapers state England is holding a Spanish torpedo boat which she refuses to restore despite several applications.

—All that have once used it pronounce Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best medicine known for the complaints of early childhood. 25 cents per bottle.

—Yesterday I had such a bad cold that I could not speak. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and to day I am well as ever. It cost me only 25 cents.

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Who handed down from sire to son, The tales of fame and glory won, And trained the infant Washington? 'Twas Mary.

Who taught him for his country's weal To buckle on the gleaming steel, And dare the doubtful, dread ordeal? 'Twas Mary.

JESSE POMEROY.

His Prison Life an Almost Unbroken Solitude.

Probably there is more curiosity concerning the prison career of Jesse Pomeroiy than any other convict in the institution. His atrocities are known the world over, and hundreds make the vain visit to the prison to get a sight at him. Indeed, scarcely a visitor appears there but who asks for the privilege, and, strange as it may seem, the most importunate and persistent of these are found among the lady visitors. It is no uncommon thing for the Warden to be importuned for half an hour at a time by a delegation of these philanthropic females, and, finding that their pleadings are useless, they go off in a rage, probably declaring inwardly that Pomeroiy is a saint and angel in comparison with Gen. Chamberlain.

This singular phenomenon of a fiend and murderer is even more singular since his incarceration for life in a lonely cell than he was in the palmy days of his atrocities. He has, in fact, become quite an exemplary young man, and is evidently determined upon acquiring a thoroughly classical education. He is away by himself in a cell in that part of the prison known as the "upper arch," out of the sight of everything and everybody, and the only sounds which greet his ears are the whistles of the passing locomotives and rumbling of the trains. Three times a day is the solitude broken only by the appearance of a keeper with his meals, and then not a word passes between them. It should be added, in qualification however, that the chaplain visits him occasionally, and also that his mother and brother are allowed interviews with him every three months. This is in accordance with the general rules of the prison, all of which are applicable to Pomeroiy with the terrible exception that his confinement is to be solitary for the term of his natural life.

During the regular working hours he is employed making brushes, but in this respect he is not the most profitable convict in the prison. He seems to have taken to literature rather than to the mechanical arts, and spends most of his time in the acquisition of knowledge. So far as the English branches go he is already master, and has now attacked Latin, French, and German, and is making astonishing progress in all of them. If it were not for the conditions that forbid his mingling with the rest of the prisoners it would not be a bad idea to make him "professor of languages" of the institution.

He writes a letter to his mother every week, and receives one from her regularly in return. The poor woman brings over her communication every Saturday and invariably finds one waiting her. The letters which the young murderer writes are marvels in the way of parental correspondence, and some of his descriptions of his lonely life are characterized by a sadness which is indeed harrowing.

He never makes any reference to his crimes, and when questioned by the officer about the multitude of murders and outrages which he has committed, he invariably answers that he knows nothing whatever about them. He has always shown a great affection for his mother, and her devotion to him has shown her to possess those natural instincts which are the charm of pure womanhood. She seems to be an exemplary woman in every respect, never complaining, but always anxious, and has the confidence and sympathy of every officer of the prison, as she should indeed of the whole community.

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"How much guarantee do you want?" said Jim. "A thousand dollars," said Delmonico. "All right," replied Fisk. "I'll take five hundred supper tickets," and he did.

On another occasion he called at their office at 430 p. m. "Charlie," said he, "I want a top stand up lunch with flowers and all that sort of thing, served in the Erie building for 150 men at half past six." "That," two hours from now. "Well, a great deal can be done in two hours." "All right, Colonel, I'll do it, but it will be an expensive job for you."

"Who said anything about the cost?" answered the prince of Erie, "you do it and I'll pay for it." There has been no men more deep in stock jobbery and gold speculation than were Fisk and Gould. No one figured more conspicuously in the Black Friday transactions of 1869 than did they. They were obliged to defend themselves in more than one suit for embezzlement. When gold was at a premium of \$150, Charles C. Allen was instructed by Fisk to buy \$1,000,000 of the shining coin, at one time. The names of DeWitt, C. Taylor, Albert Speyer, Mr. Beach, Wm. Heath & Co., and "Uncle

Sam" were prominent in the list of those who were engaged in the transaction.

—A beautiful Poem. The following is one of those beautiful fragments of thought well worthy of a place in everybody's album. It was written by the late Dr. T. J. Montgomery, and from a friend it comes to the BAZOO:

TO MY DEAR DAUGHTER "MARY." What name in sacred lore appears, The first and chief among its peers, To strengthen hope and calm our fears? 'Tis Mary.

Who lingered last on Calvary's height, While others fled the mournful sight In speechless, sad and pale affright? 'Twas Mary.

TELEGRAPH

Reported by Trans Mississippi Associated Press

A Dying Murderer Confesses. To Having Killed Five Persons. Bank Teller Arrested for Embezzlement. Nathan Matthews Bankrupted. The Hayes Temperance Society. On a Tour of Inspection. Horrible Murder and Suicide. Latest Congressional News. Doing All Over the Country.

Congressional. Washington, D. C., April 27.—House.—The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds has agreed to report favorably on the bill providing for the erection of a new building for the Bureau of Engraving. Gen. Gibson was before the House Committee on Military Affairs again to-day, advocating the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department.

Amendments of the Senate bill relating the advertisement of mail letting were not concurred in. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation bill.

A Missing Cashier. Indianapolis, April 27.—A special to the Sentinel this morning from Salem, Ind., says James Byrne, cashier of the